

XXX
NASTY

OLDER BITCHES GET WILD

50+



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ADULTS ONLY
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Angelica

Too Much Woman

Angelica had always been a diva. As far as she was concerned, she was prime pussy material and, as such, should be pampered and treated like a queen. Her husband just hadn't been able to grasp this. Sure, he tried. He really did, but nothing was ever enough for Angelica. Especially "trying." It took a lot to satisfy her, even more to make her happy, which can be hard work for any man. To be sure, he loved his wife, but he knew he just wasn't man enough to take care of her properly; finally, he was able to accept this fact and gave her her freedom, with the best of wishes.





At first, Angelica was angry, then baffled. She definitely hadn't expected this response to her demands. After she cooled down though, she started realizing it could be an excellent opportunity for her.





See, maybe one man wasn't enough for her, but now she could screw whomever she pleased. A man for every mood and every itch. It's not like she had any modest preconceptions.





While some women might languish at the thought of being a 53-year-old divorcee, for Angelica, this was just the beginning - a second chance at happiness, if you will.





To be sure, she'd put up long enough with one fucker; this was her chance to make the rounds, to see if she could find a single man who could give her what she needed. If not... at least she'd still be getting the fucking she needs. And for this woman, that means in each and every hole and then some.





A close-up photograph of a woman's face and upper body. She has dark, curly hair and is wearing a gold chain necklace with a large, ornate pendant. Her tongue is slightly out, with a dollop of white cream on it. Her belly button is visible, with a small amount of the same white cream on the skin above it. She is wearing a gold hoop earring. The background is dark and out of focus.

Come on guys. She might have some miles
on her, but that just means she knows what
she's doing. This is a fuck you'll never forget
- guaranteed. Give this super-slut a call.

800-308-5347



Kayla

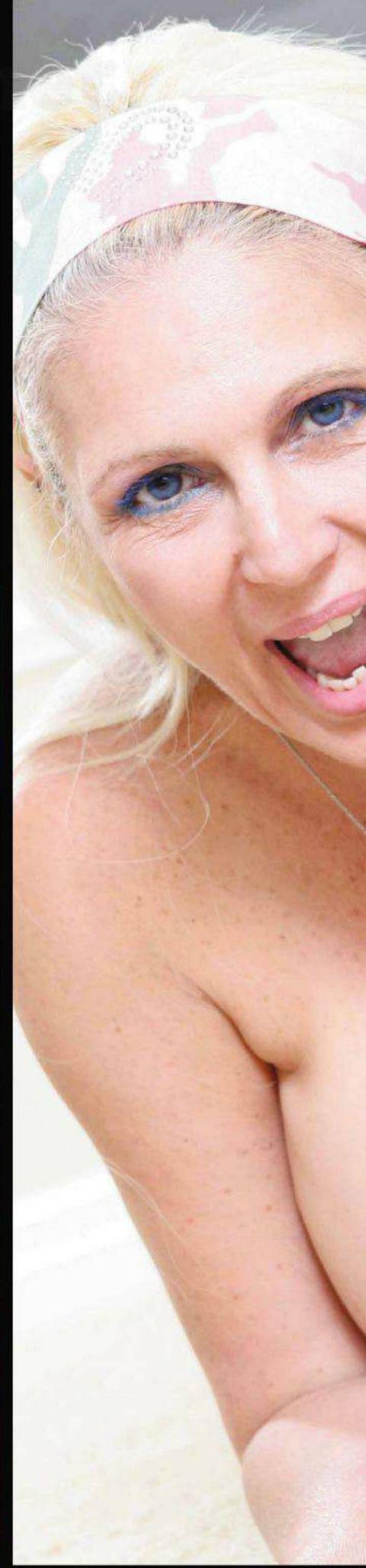
A Fine Age

As you can tell, back in the day, Kayla had been quite the looker. A sexy, curvy blonde looker, with all the right moves and all the right predilections. It's not as though age has marred her looks or made her less appealing. In fact, if you listen to some of her former lovers, her younger self can't hold a candle to her current incarnation. Her tastes are more developed, more lascivious, and her boundaries nonexistent. At this point, she figures she has nothing to lose, so why not be the dirty slut she's always wanted to be? She's still got the itch...





This is a woman to be reckoned with. All woman, through and through, curves in all the right places, she's still more than a fine piece of ass - she's fucking superb.





Now, there's this common misconception that older women can be a bit prudish. While this might be the case, it definitely isn't with Kayla. Nope, she's a hard-core slut, through and through. The years can't change this.









See, Kayla's always put a lot of stock in her sexual skills. In her estimation, she shouldn't expect men to please her unless she pleases them in return. Pleasing is something she's always done very well - and, in return, been kept very sexually sated.



Boobs like this... no man can ignore. Tit-fucks are one of Kayla's all-time favorite ways to get her men off. After all, what true slut can turn down a sloppy chest and mouthful of cum?





Listen, if you want a woman who'll do anything you want, Kayla's your dream come true. She's ready. She's waiting. She's good and goddamn horny...

800-495-7466



A full-page photograph of Lexi, a blonde woman with blue eyes, sitting on a white surface. She is wearing a light blue and black lace lingerie set, including a halter top and a ruffled skirt. Her right leg is bent, and she is looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

Lexi

Well Worth the Years

Just look at her; Lexi is prime material. Everything you could want in a woman. She's gorgeous, she's hot, and best of all, she's pretty much up for anything. See, bitter divorces usually do this to women like Lexi. She thought she had it all: the perfect house, the perfect husband, the perfect 30-year plan. She learned all too late that her "perfect" life was so very, very far from perfect. It was a charade, a front, all to maintain her husband's untarnished persona. Why it had taken her 30 years to realize he was a fucking bastard, she hadn't a clue. It's not as though he'd ever been the material of fantasies, but he was, at least, consistent, or so she thought. Turns out, he'd been living a lie and she'd been a fool to trust him, definitely a fool to have loved him.





Seems like his affections ran in different directions. Not her, but he did have a certain fascination with gambling to Lexi, emptied their accounts, and by the time Lexi rea they had lost everything - not the least of which was her of a spouse.



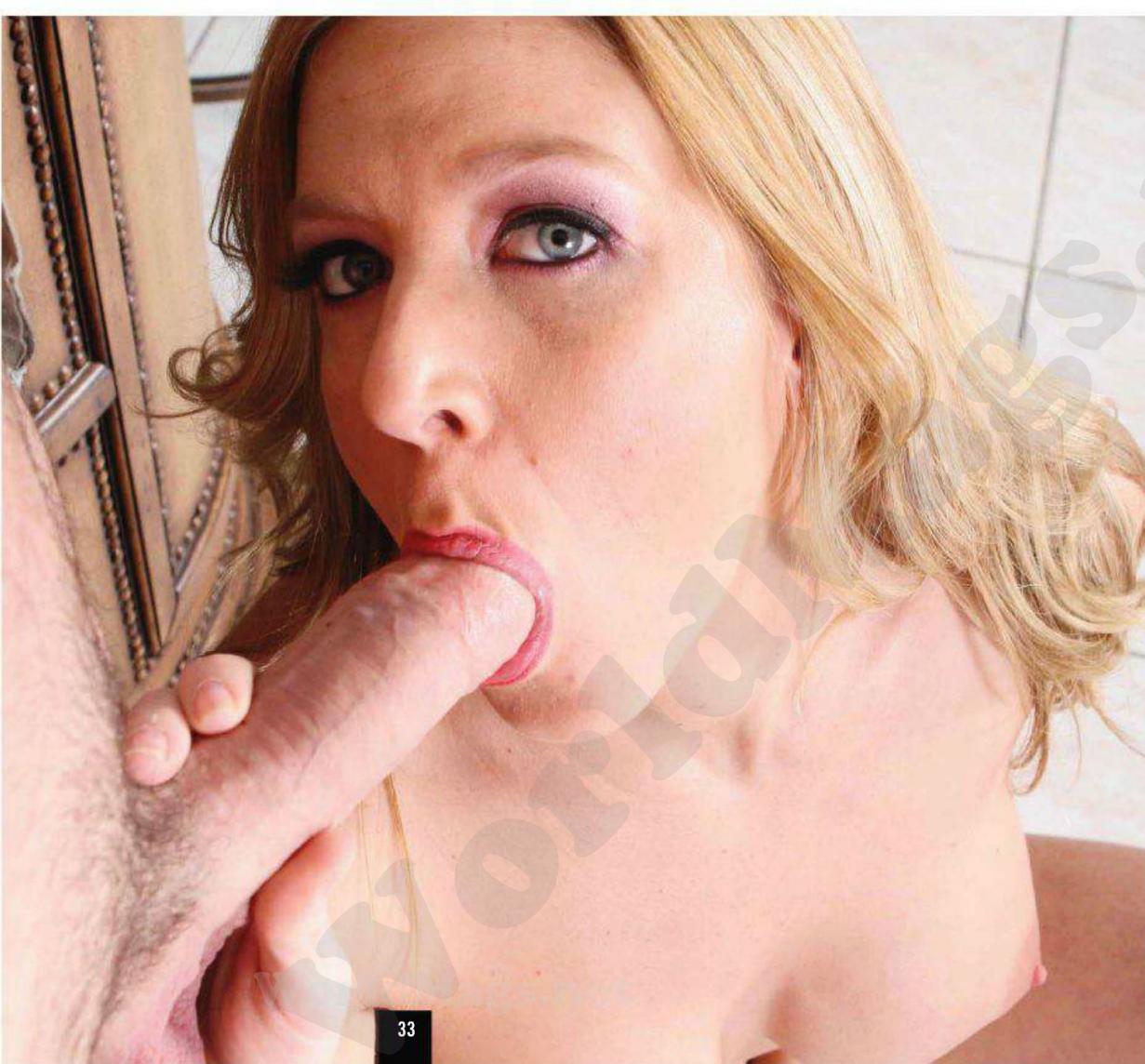
that he'd been cheating on
g, and this had, unbeknownst
lized what had happened,
commitment to her failure





Now, she was at the point in her life where she had anticipated being able to anticipate retirement, but now, with empty accounts, it was time to cut her losses and take care of herself, for a change - and take care of herself in more ways than one.









Seems that her husband had been sub-par in more areas than one. While Lexi might have pretended that all was well and good, really, she hated how insecure and unappreciated she felt. This was time for an across-the-board change.



And while she was sore about her financial distress, she's also been sore about her husband's lack of attention... in all the important ways. Now was the time to stop all of that, and pronto.





For sure, a woman like this needs some specialized attention. Now that she's got her priorities straight, and it's all about her, she's up for all sorts of fun. Definitely there is lots of lost time to make up, and she's up for anything, with anyone at all. Could be you...

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If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

Tony and I were lounging on the edge of his backyard pool, our legs dangling into the warm, sparkling water, watching our wives toss a beachball back and forth in the shallow end. When he suddenly slapped a big, hairy hand down on my bare thigh and barked, "You ever think about swapping?"

I stared at the guy. He was fifty, squat and swarthy and balding – a guy! "What!? I like women! I'm not into–"

He laughed, squeezing my leg. "Not me, bright eyes. My wife." He jerked a thumb Melinda's way, down at the other end of the pool.

The small, silky brunette was wearing a bright blue bikini, her olive skin gleaming under the sun, shoulder-length hair shining. Her plentiful boobs bounced up and down with my eyes, as she batted the beachball to and fro with my wife – my wife! I licked my lips and croaked, "C'mon, Tony. Quit kidding–"

"Hey, sweetheart!" the guy yelled at his wife, catching the lecherous look in my eye before matrimonial fear had replaced it. "Come over here a minute!"

Melinda smiled softly and dove into the water, started stroking her way towards us.

"Whoa! Hold on a minute, Tony. I only–"

Melinda glided in between my legs, her husband giving her the okay sign with a stubby finger and thumb. The woman's smooth, wet hands slid up my splayed thighs, her head bobbing close to the



DO YOU TAKE MY WIFE ...

obvious swollen attraction arising my skintight swim trunks.

And then my shaking arms almost gave out behind me, as the velvety babe drifted a warm hand onto my hard-on and squeezed. "I've always hoped we would become more than just friends, Howard," she breathed, gazing up at me with her smoldering brown eyes, stroking my dick with her smoldering brown hand.

I gaped down at her, her hand; then jerked my head up and stared at her husband, my wife. Leigh-Anne was still standing in the shallow end of the pool, clutching the beachball to her chest, watching another woman openly fondle her husband's cock – suck on her husband's cock!

Melinda pulled my swimsuit down and my erection up and into her mouth. I bucked, the babe's luscious mouth pouring all over my cock. I must've subconsciously wanted it, welcomed it, because I'd arched my ass off the pool apron so Melinda could draw my trunks down and my dick out.

She engulfed my prick almost right

to the tingling balls, then pulled up, plunged down, sucking on my throbbing, her elbows and hands resting on my thighs, keeping her buoyant between my trembling legs. I groaned and stared at my wife. The lithe, lanky blonde was out of the water and walking over to us, her tanned skin glistening, her upthrust tits shuddering in her green bikini top, her green eyes locked on me getting hoovered by Tony's wife.

I didn't know what was going to happen. I sure as hell didn't expect what did happen.

Tony climbed to his feet and shoved his trunks down. And Leigh-Anne dropped to her knees and sucked the guy's thick schlong right into her mouth, grasping and squeezing his hairy nut sac. My wife was blowing another man right in front of me, while that man's wife blew me right in front of him!

The other thing blown was my mind.

Melinda bobbed up and down in my lap, wet-vacking my towering dong. While Leigh-Anne bobbed her blonde head back and forth on Tony's cock, giving the groaning, grasping guy one hellacious hummer. I knew just how skilled my wife was at sucking cock, and Tony's wife was even better.

My buddy popped his prick out of Leigh-Anne's mouth and pushed her down onto all-fours by the edge of the pool. Then he squatted in behind and pulled her bikini bottom to one side, stuck his fat sausage into her pussy. Leigh-Anne moaned, staring at me.

I reacted, not thinking about the consequences anymore, boiling with lust. I helped Melinda out of the pool and she faced down my wife on all-fours. She wiggled her plush, rounded bottom at me, and I tore her bikini away and speared my cock into her slick, pink quim, staring straight into Leigh-Anne's



wide eyes.

Tony and I fucked each other's wives, out in the open by the pool in front of everyone involved. Leigh-Anne whimpered and bit her lip – sounds and gestures of pleasure I knew so well – her sun-bronzed body rocking to Tony's grunted thrusts, her breasts shivering. I slammed into Melinda, bouncing my thighs off the dripping beauty's rippling ripe butt cheeks, cleaving her juicy pussy with my cock. She urged me on with her moans.

Tony growled, spasmed, digging into my wife with his fingers and prick, pumping her full of his steaming load. I

fast-fucked his wife. Then groaned, and jerked, spunking hot and heavy inside Melinda, over and over. I think the wives came, too.

Leigh-Anne confessed to me that she and Tony had gotten the swap started a day earlier, when Tony had fucked her in our bedroom while Melinda watched. That way, she said, I didn't have to worry about her being angry, when Melinda had come on to me.

- Josh Canton



Rhyse *Making It On Her Own*

Rhyse had always been a high-maintenance bitch. She'd always had the best, and the best was what she craved. It was what she knew and she would accept nothing less. This made it difficult for her to keep men in her life. At first, they might seem good, but the more she got to know them, the less satisfactory they became. Perhaps it was simply because she wasn't used to repetition. She'd always been used to the chase, and just because the chase had been going on for 30 years didn't mean that it wasn't any less real. It never failed to make her excited. Some women just never learn...



At times, she even forgot that she was married. But considering her husband, that isn't too hard to imagine.





Her husband had seemed like a hunk when she first met him, an experienced and a man of the world. Of course, this was an 18-year-old's perspective, considering her sweetheart was 30 years older than herself. Time, it changes everything, not the least of which were her feelings for her spouse.





In fact, she started to loath and despise him. To be sure, he made sure all her needs were met, but he simply failed to excite her. In fact, she couldn't stand to see him naked. What she craved was the young cock she'd been missing for all these years.





In fact, she didn't actually care if her husband knew that she was screwing around. All she cared about was fucking. And really fucking. It's a common misconception that younger women are hornier and sexier. Rhyse definitely disproved this theory.



A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is laughing heartily, her mouth wide open. She is wearing a black and white patterned lingerie set, including a top and matching bottoms. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some red and gold elements.

See, a desperate woman is a woman every man should want. She had a lot of lost time to make up, and she didn't give a fuck how she made it up. She just wanted a cunt-full of hard meat. Or ass. Or mouth...







Basically, she'd given up on respectability. Whatever the fuck that means. This woman is all about screwing. All about her own lusts, and her own satisfaction. Boys, let's just clear the air - this one knows how to get herself off, and you, in the process. More than once.



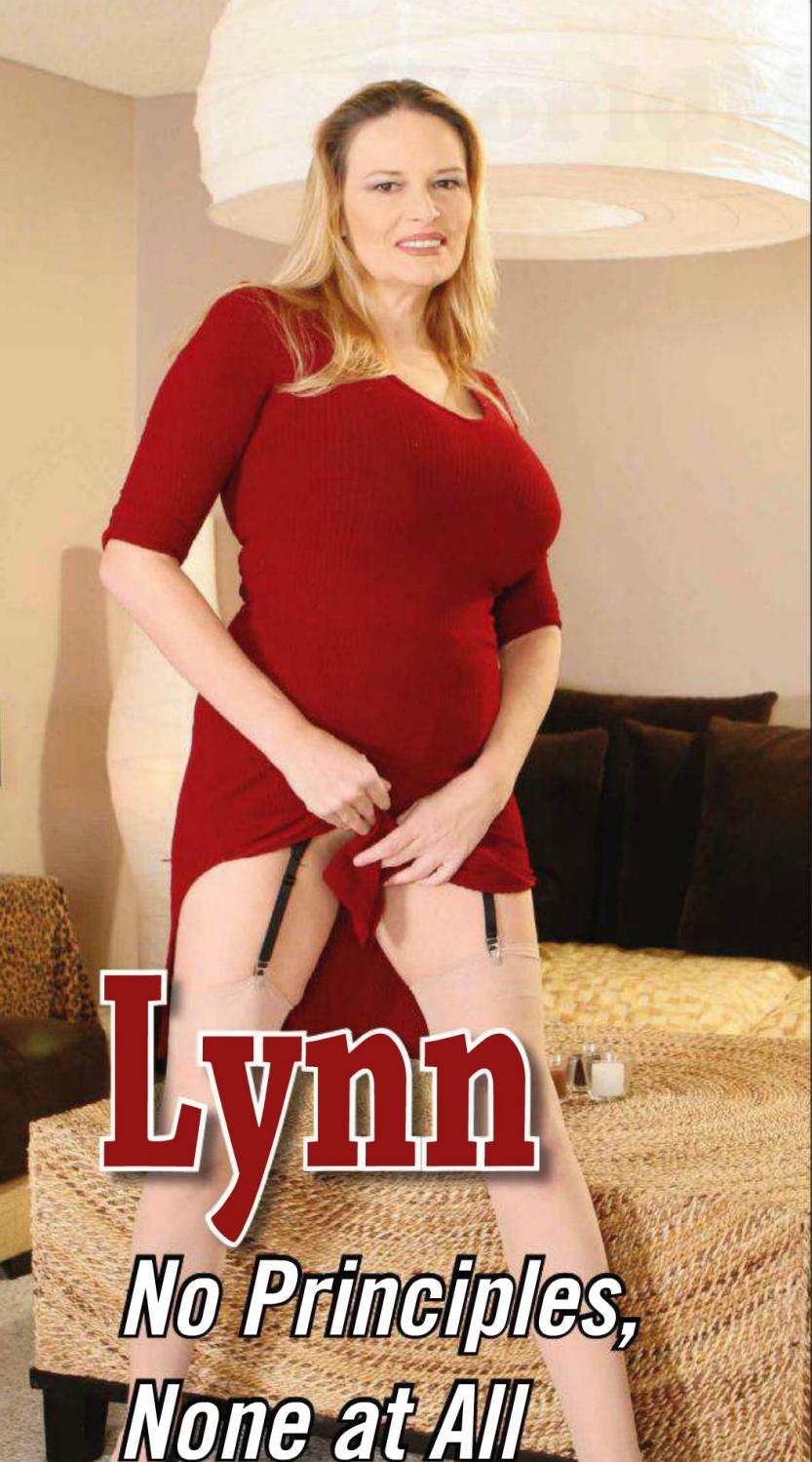


This Rhyse, she's something special. She's even been known to swallow, if you ask real nice. If not, she's always got those giant tits to cream off on. Can you ask for anything better? Give her a call. You know you want to...

800-853-8264







Lynn

No Principles, None at All

Lynn had been trailer-trash for just about as long as she could take. True, she knew she couldn't say that she had a college degree, but she knew she'd made it in the classroom of hard knocks. She'd had her first baby at 18, her second at 19, and they just seemed to keep coming, until, finally, she figured 5 was more than enough, and drastic measures had to be taken. See, fucking was something Lynn simply wouldn't give up. Sure, she knew she needed to play it safe, especially since she'd started sliding down the other side of the hill. Not that she'd lost her drive.









There is a rare breed of woman. They like fucking, and that's about all they like. They will sacrifice any and everything if they can just have a big, hard cock in their holes. This type of woman was, and is, Lynn.



Lynn loves cock. You can't imagine how much. This woman has swallowed more than her fair share, and yet, it never gets old. She just wants more.







The fucking is even better. While she might be a felatrix of the highest order, that ain't shit compared to her trained cunt. This is one snapper who isn't about to let go, hell or high water.



e Lynn
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h water.



Just look at her. There's no getting around the fact that she's wound and ready to go. Lynn's not about empty promises; she's about the real deal. Come on, boys, you know you want to see what all she can do with your prick. You've got everything to gain, and nothing to lose. Give her a call!

800-915-4674







Savannah

No Time Like the Present.

Savannah had been a wild child from the beginning. She'd always been rebellious. Her fiance had known this, yet, he still chose to marry her. Bad choice. Well, for him, that is. Savannah didn't mean to be a bad wife,; she just had these strange notions she couldn't shake. She'd always had these strange urges, these itches, which she hadn't felt like she could really satisfy. Even her fiance couldn't seem to keep her sated. 25 years later, she was no happier. She was more resigned, but no happier. To be honest, she did try. It wasn't as if she wasn't trying to be difficult... for fuck's sake, she just wanted to get off on a man's cock. Something she'd rarely been able to do.





See, she might be a certain age, but at the same time, this just meant that she was more determined to get what she wanted. 'Cause she had been missing a whole hell of a lot. Poor slut.







The first time a strange tongue was on her clit, she didn't quite know what to do with herself. Even less so when she found a hard, rippling dong, buried deep down her throat.



This was a sensation she hadn't felt for far too long. She just couldn't taste him enough. The pulsing, the throbbing... nothing could feel better buried deep in her throat.





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An equal-opportunity woman, this is. She's not hung up on age, definitely not on propriety. When it comes to screwing, this one's all open, fully ready. Can we say eager?









Look at her. She just can't get enough.



Oh come on, you know you want to bury your cock deep in this hot, wet mouth. When it comes to men, she rarely says no. What have you got to lose? Here's her number. Call her.

888-220-4277





Veronica

Nothing to Lose

Veronica couldn't remember the last time she'd lived out from under the shadow of her sister. Lori had always been the pretty one - the sexy one. The first to marry, the first to have kids. Basically, Lori had been her parents' dream child and she had been the familial embarrassment. She'd never settled, just because she'd never met anyone who set her pulse to racing. She knew she had a hell of a lot to prove, but she was ready for the challenge.

And more than ready for the sex.





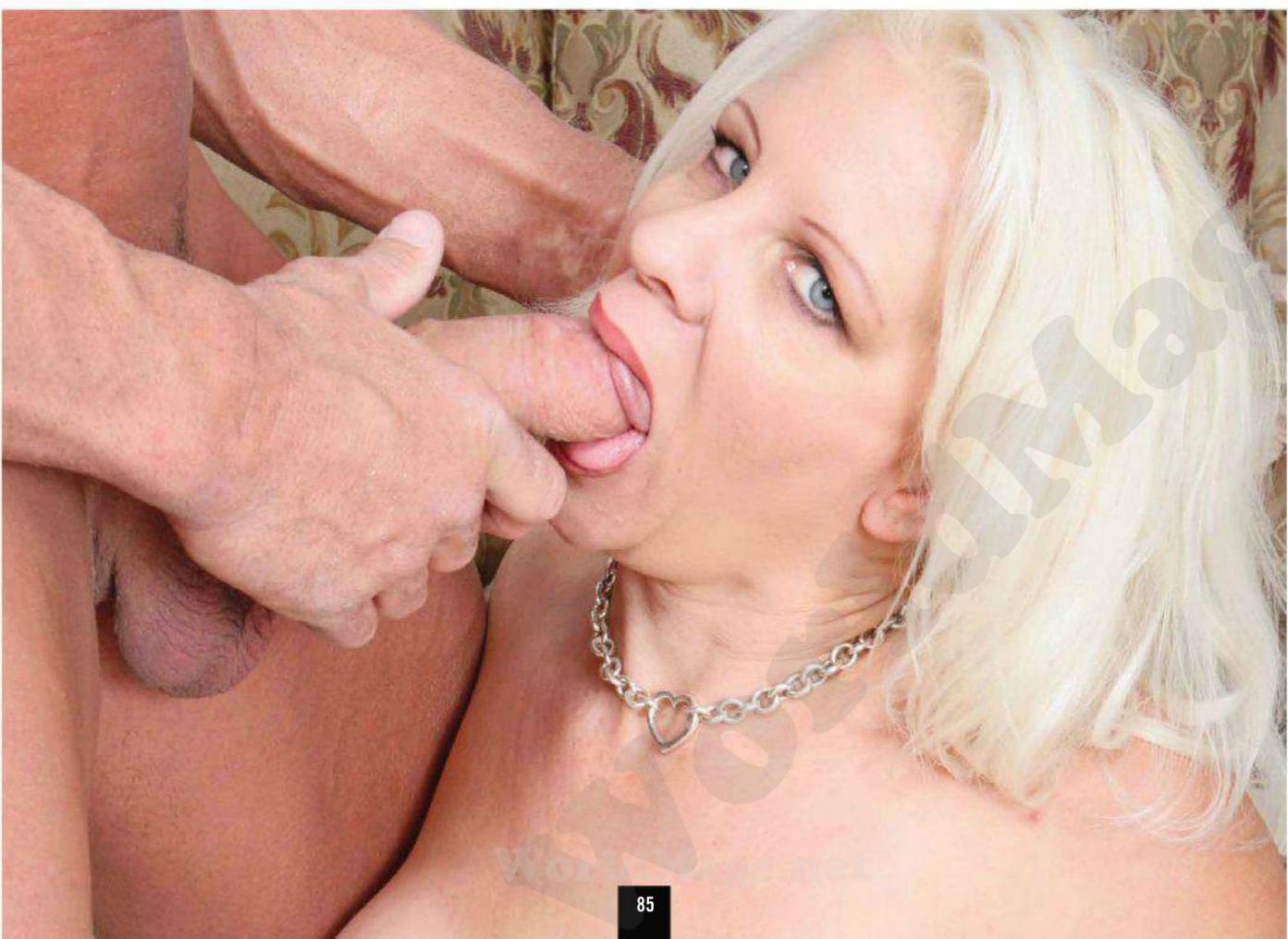


All this woman needs is a man who will treat her right. Just look at those giant natural titties... what man, of any age, can turn these suckers down?



If you haven't learned by now, older women definitely know how to make a man happy. Trust me - this one has been around the block and then some. A better lay you'll never find.







A well-buried shaft is necessary.
Veronica needs a cunt-full, any
way possible. She's not picky,
just hungry. Oh, so hungry.









Talk about flexibility. She might not be a spring chicken, but she knows how to work it. Just look at this. Veronica's up and ready for absolutely anything, in any way possible.



A throat-full of cum can't possibly satisfy a slut like this.
She wants you. She needs you. Don't you dare tell her no.
It's such a simple thing; just call her. A good time... for all.

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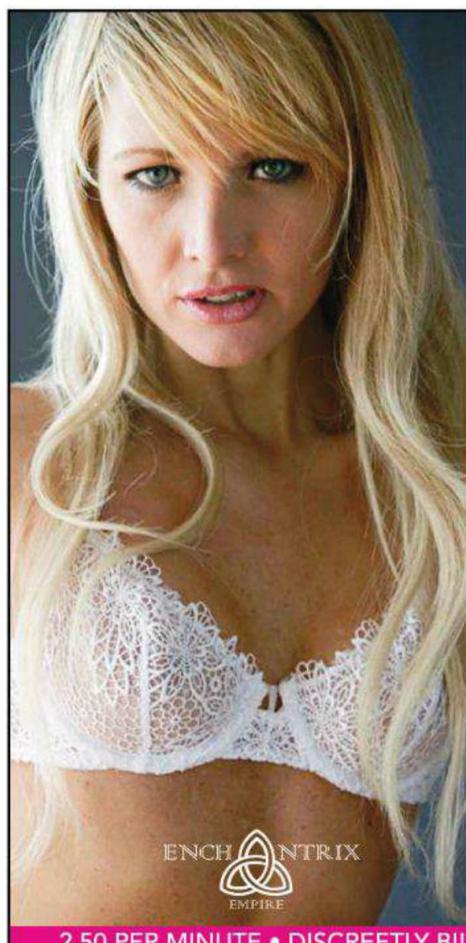
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Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual (and essentially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong—I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex", I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better.

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MEET THE FUCKER

I wanted to meet my girlfriend's mother like the Ayatollah wants to meet the Pope. I was just fucking the chick for kicks, until my real bitch got out of the joint. But she insisted, going down on my hairy nuts and ass to convince me. She's a whiner that way, always wanting to get her own way.

"This is Darwin," Trudy said, introducing me. "My very special friend." She batted her eyelashes at me like she was fanning her pussy.

I grunted, talking up the chick. "She's a good lay, Mom."

Trudy went all drama queen, shrieking, "What a thing to say to my own mother! You promised to behave yourself!"

She stormed off up the stairs of the house. Like I was supposed to chase after her ass or something. Fat fucking chance.

"What's to eat?" I asked her mother.

Lynda stared at me. She looked almost exactly like her cry-baby daughter – long, dark hair, big brown eyes, a pale, sort of square-shaped face, and a small, compact body. She had a few more wrinkles around her glaring eyes and tight-lipped mouth. And a bigger and better-looking rack.

She shared her daughter's attitude, though. "What a crude thing to say," she whined, looking at my dirty white shirt and greasy black jeans with contempt. I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm only fucking your daughter. Don't worry about me marrying the bitch."

Lynda shot out her right hand, trying to crack me one across the stubbled chops. But I grabbed her wrist just in time, held on. Grabbed her other raised arm and pulled the angry broad against my chest. Her tits sunk home, hot and huge and heaving, braless under the black wool dress. I smacked her split-open lips with my lips.

The woman's eyes went from burning to smoldering, as I chewed on her mouth. As she felt my dick harden against her stomach. I pulled my head back, letting her breathe, stared at the snow-white cleavage plunging the front of her dress.

She'd started the physical stuff. And she took it to the next level, gulping air into her impressive lungs and shooting her head up and plastering her mouth against mine. She pressed her body in tighter, tonguing my tongue, tits billowing into my chest. This MILF wanted it bad, long time between fucks since her old man croaked, my guess.

We could hear Trudy sobbing away up in her old bedroom. So I slid my grimy hands down Lynda's curved back and onto her mounded butt cheeks, clutched the thick pair, lifted the panting woman up by the ass and hauled her off into the living room.

I set her down, skinned her dress up and off. The horny broad was totally naked under the body-hugging dress. Her tits flopped out, big and white and blue-veined, tipped by fat, deep-red nipples. The jugs hung low, laden. I hefted them, fed nipple into my mouth.

"Oh, God! Yes!" Lynda screamed, as I sunk my teeth into a swollen jutter and stretched the rubbery cap out another half-inch or so.

I crushed her lush milkers in my sweaty hands, slapping the flared nipples around with my tongue, sucking hard on them. But she was supposed to be there to entertain me. So I shoved her down to her knees and pulled my dick out of my jeans, stuck it in her flushed face.

She immediately grabbed onto my dong and swirled her hand up and down the veiny shaft, cupped and squeezed my wrinkly balls with her other hand. Her hands were warm and damp, soft and knowing.

Her mouth was hotter, wetter. I stabbed my full-blown cock between her trem-

bling lips and deep into her velvet maw.

Her daughter gave good head. Lynda gave great head. Maybe it was experience, or desperation. Either way, the MILF gripped my hips with her claws and fucking vacuumed my prong, throwing her head back and forth, sucking wildly, silky black hair flying. She stared up at me, nostrils gasping, as I helped her inhale and polish pipe right down to the balls, pumping my hips and fucking her face.

I had to rip my boiling dong out of her greedy mouth and whack her nose with the bloated tip, before I shot off too early. Then I clenched my hairy nuts into one big ball and let her suck on that for awhile. She mouthed my entire sack, her tongue snaking around almost right up my ass crack. Bitch needed fucking, in the worst way.

Jerking her to her feet by the tits, I

"Yes, Darwin!" she hissed, hooking her legs around my waist, lifting her mound up to my cock. "Fuck me like you fuck my daughter, you dirty, filthy, stinking animal!"

"Fuck you think I'm gonna do, Mom?"

The busty bitch was just as bossy as her daughter.

I rammed my cap through her fur and lips and sank shaft deep into her tunnel. She groaned and grabbed up her jugs, squeezed them, rolling her head around on the table.

The broad was fucking molten inside. I gripped her fleshy thighs and shunted cock in and out of her steaming twat. Her convulsing cunt muscles sucked on my prong, pussy fur stroking my plunging shaft, cushioning my banging balls. I



looked around for a place to really pump her. I plugged two fingers into her slit as I studied the layout, going three knuckles deep. Her cunt was old-school hairy, old school juicy. I spotted the dining room table and steered her towards it with my fingers hooked up her twat.

The table was set with plates and glasses and flowers and shit. I cleared it with one hard pull on the white tablecloth, sent the hard-breathing woman sprawling onto her back up on top

made her tits and the table shake, rippling her ass cheeks, slamming the bitch.

She arched, screamed loud enough to blow the roof right off, hotter, deeper juices bathing my pistonning dong. I fucked her fast and furious, then grunted, blew the MILF's twat full of sizzling jizz.

She sucked my dripping cock completely dry with her mouth, gulping the last of my sperm as I twisted her hair into knots. She made me promise not to tell Trudy. So now I got two cunts to service.

-Darwin Crawford

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